HOW THE CHILIANS LIVE.

Magnificence of "Los Ricos," Squalor of the People.

The stranger to this remote corner of creation is apt to imagine that the Chilians are a semi-barbarous nation, wretchedly clad, if clad at all, with little refinement and less education, superstitious, cruel and bloodthirsty. When first arrived here—astonished by the magnificence of "los Ricos" (the wealthy class who, though numerically few, yet rule both church and state), their splendid casas and numerous schools and places of amusement, their costly living, the stylish dressing and dazzling display of jewels, and their graceful and generous hospitality—he jumps at the conclusion that his previous impressions were absurdly and entirely erroneous.

But the time goes on, and he learns how the "common people," who make up the bulk of the population, live and move and have their being, he reluctantly comes back to his first opinion as concerning a large majority of the Chilians. There are so many conditions of existence in the land, and consequently such a variety of character, that one may say of these people with equal truth—they are both highly civilized and sunk into barbarism; profoundly educated and densely ignorant; rich as Croesus and poor as Job's oft-mentioned turkey; that they live in palaces furnished with every modern luxury, and in mud hovels with nothing but beans and raw clams for "daily bread," that they are the most warm-hearted, genial, hospitable, and thoroughly-delighted people in the world, as well as most treacherous, revengeful, and never to be depended upon.

In Chili the typical rico (rich man), young or old, dresses every day in figurative purple and fine linen. For him there is no "second best" attire in the way of a rough-and-ready morning costume or business suit, for he has no need of such, being like the lilies in that he toils not, neither does he spin. His clothes are always fine, dainty and fashionable as an artist tailor can "create" them; his polished hair carefully parted in the middle or trained to stand straight up a la pompadour; his immaculate shirt cuffs, with conspicuously-jeweled buttons, extending toward his knuckles just so far by a hair's breadth; his very small, sharp-toed, high-heeled shoes reflecting his beauty as in twin mirrors; his monogram-embroidered handkerchief delicately scented, and in his eyes a handsome diamond ring and scarf-pin are no less essential than shirt and trousers. He has been taught deportment from his cradle, and mastered that science to perfection at an early age. As often as he meets you, be it a dozen times a day, he holds his slender cane daintily in one well-gloved hand while tipping his faultless tile with the other, bows gracefully and low, and shakes you by the hand—with never the slightest perceptible variation in the depth of the obeisance or the warmth of the shake; unless you happen to be a man and an intimate frend, in which case he may embrace and kiss you.

If, being only a casual acquaintance, you call upon him on an errand of business or pleasure, he will hasten to inform you that everything he possesses is unreservedly yours—his house, himself; his family, his servants, are all a su disposicion de usted—"at your disposal." His wife, who is generally beautiful and always well dressed, will smile on you benignly through a drift of face-powder with a touch of rouge on either side of the nose, and assure you in soft-voweled Spanish of the pleasure she feels of thus forming your acquaintance—and make you believe it, too, which is the best part of it. Fellow foreigners tell us that all this tropical courtesy means little and is only "skin deep." But who cares to go deeper? It is delightful, all the same, and quite deep enough to outlast the occasion.

We, who profess to be a cultured people, and are likely to stiffen our neck with Yankee conceit when our ways are compared with those of other nations, might learn from the Chilian a good many needed lessons in common politeness. For example, they never enter or leave a coach, street car, or other public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants. No lady or gentleman to the manner born ever sat down to or arose from a table in Chili, either public or private, without an inclination of the head to all present. So in shopping they bow to the merchant or his salesman on entering or leaving a store. That sort of thing, it seems to me, as much more human between fellow-travelers on life's short journey than our don't-care-for-anybody way.

In the streets, however, the average Chilian might learn some good behavior from Germans, Englishmen, and Yankees. Here gentlemen consider it proper tribute to female beauty to stare into the lady's face as long as she remains in the range of vision, whether she appears to like it or not; and in passing, though she be an entire stranger, to address her some complimentary remark, such as beso sus manors, Senorita. "I kiss your hands, Miss;" or "You are very beautiful," "Your eyes are like the heavens," etc. When a group of gentlemen are conversing on the narrow sidewalk, and a lady approaches, they seldom think of making way for her, or, at most, will move nearer the wall, leaving her the curbstone; and I have often seen ladies compeled to step down into the gutter in order to pass around them.

The excuse of these gentlemen is that they are not yet accustomed to female emancipation. Their real ladies are seldom seen alone upon the public streets, and Chilian ideas of caste forbid them to show much deference toward "common people." In Chili no place is sacred from the fumes of tobacco, except, perhaps, the church. Gentlemen are always smoking, whether walking or riding, with or without ladies. They do it in the parlor, the ball room, and at the table. The priest in the Pantheon takes a whiff between his prayers; and the gay bomberos (firemen), while running with their engines, must pause to light the cigarrito, be the emergency never so great.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WEEDS AND WEALTH

Two Valuable Plants That Grow on the Western Alkaline Plains.

There is use for everything if men had but the wit to find it out. It is evident that we stand only upon the threshold of ultimate knowledge of the methods by which the vegetable kingdom may be made to contribute further to human necessities. It is doubtful if there be any waste products. Waste and ignorance seem to be nearly synonymous terms.

The alkaline plains of the west, for example, produce two peculiar plants which give promise of great value for domestic and manufacturing purposes. What is called the Mexican "soap weed" grows luxuriantly in western Kansas. It thrives in the rainless regions where other vegetation fails, sending its roots into the soil in search of moisture. It is the root of the plant that is valuable for its saponaceous quality. A factory has been built in Kansas City for manufacturing toilet soap of the finest quality, in which this root forms the chief ingredient. The new industry promises to be permanent and remunerative.

A still more important discovery has been made in the valuable properties of a root known as the "canaigre" root. The plant is native of northeastern Chihuahua and northern Sonora, Mexico, and in some parts of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. It responds to cultivation in dry, sandy soils impregnated with alkali, does not require much water, and grows to the size of common beet roots. From the canaigre root an extract is obtained so rich in tannin that it is pronounced to be immeasurably superior to oak or hemlock bark in the process of tanning leather. A writer in Hide and Leather says that "canaigre liquors give less trouble to prepare, and tan rapidly, leaving the skins or hides clean, pliable and well filled. The starchy matter is just what tanners want, without the trouble of extra mixing, as in the case with other tanning extracts." A manufacturer in Texas is offering to sell canaigre to the tanners, either in dry form or the liquid extract. Its effectiveness has been demonstrated after years of trial.

A substitute for the use of bark for tanning leather would be of immense value in stopping the destruction of oak and hemlock forests. So also the possible turning of the waste alkaline plains into productive and profitable areas for the cultivation of valuable roots native in those arid regions must be esteemed an achievement remarkable in the annals of agricultural experiment.—Philadelphia Record.

MACHINE MEN.

How Men Servants Are Regarded by Women Who Employ Them.

Did you ever stop to think what novels butlers and messenger boys could write if they had any literary instinct, and provided they could use a pen? The average woman pays no more attention to these servants than to a piece of furniture. At luncheon women talk with the utmost freedom before the solemn-faced man who serves them, telling bits of racy gossip and using names in a frightfully reckless manner. The butler is supposed to have no ears and the messenger no eyes. Many fashionable and elegant women think nothing of permitting the latter to enter their rooms while they are in the hands of their maids—perhaps in corsets and petticoats. They evidently, like Pauline Bonaparte, do not "call" that a man.

Apropos, an anecdote. A woman reporter not long ago was assigned to write up an actress in her bedroom. "Write it so none will know whether a man or woman wrote it," said the editor.

"But, surely," said the newspaper woman, "no actress would permit a man reporter see her change her gowns." "Wouldn't, eh?" retorted the editor; "why, when I was a reporter I was sent to write up Mme. ——'s dressing room," here he named a famous foreign star, "and she not only changed her gown, but her stockings before me. She looked upon me as a mere piece of machinery, turning out so many lines in her praise."—Chicago Herald.

Bric-a-Brac.

The person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned upon him, on occasion. A wealthy man was once exhibiting proudly to some acquaintances a table which he had bought, and which, he said, was five hundred years old.

"That is nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is more than three thousand years old."

"Three thousand years old!" said his host. "That is impossible. Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India? What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table!"—Youth's Companion.

Spoiled His Reputation Then.

Bjenks—Mr. Bjones is a man of fine discrimination and judgment, Mrs. Bjenks.

Mrs. Bjenks—Nonsense! the man does not know anything at all.

"Why, what do you know about it, I'd like to know? You never saw him but once in your life."

"I know I never did, but that was enough. I held up the baby to him and asked him if she wasn't the dearest, sweetest little thing in all the world, and, will you believe it, all that stupid man would say was 'M-m-m.'" —Somerville Journal.

—The Yuma (Cal.) Sentinel, when it tells a story, tells one of magnitude. It asserts that at the mouth of the Colorado river and the upper end of the gulf of California are to be found sea bass that weigh from 250 to 750 pounds each, clams as large as a common dinner-plate, millions of sardines and smelt, oysters small but delicious, millions of soft-shelled crabs and other shell fish, myriads of wild geese, brants, ducks, cranes and other sea-fowl and birds.

THE DELIGHTS OF YACHTING.

As They Appeared to a Man Who Was Taken Aboard for Ballast.

I assisted at a yacht race about ten days ago, and the doctor says that I may sit up in bed now and write an account of it. It is believed by the general public that I am drowned, but my physician informs me that this is not true. Many letters of condolence have been received by members of my family and placed on file. One is from the captain of the yacht that I sailed on. He closes by saying that it must be a great comfort to my friends to reflect that in life I made as good shifting ballast as he ever used. This captain is a rough seaman, but it will be noticed that his heart is on the right side. I regard him as a physiological phenomenon.

My weight, at times when I have not recently been drowned, is about two hundred and forty pounds. They wanted me to sit on the windward side to keep the yacht level, and I was expected to sing "Larboard Watch, Ahoy," "White Wings" and the "Wreck of the Jule la Plante" at stated intervals. I did not know these songs, but I gave my pants a hitch and sang "Gathering in the Sheaves" in such a manner that made the captain look sad.

We carried about half an acre of canvas and plowed the billows merrily. This caused me to sing a few verses of "The Plowboy's Joy," which everybody pronounced timely and appropriate. The captain said that everything depended upon me. I was to lie flat under the windward rail and bear down hard. He said he would like to have me weigh as near a ton as I could. I was admonished to avoid drawing in long, deep breaths as much as possible, because air was light, and it would not do for me to be making a balloon out of myself at a critical time like that. The mate suggested that I might do all the breathing that was necessary when the yacht was in stays and hold my breath when on a tack.

At about this juncture the yacht capsized. There were five life-preservers on board—one for each man. The reader who does not suppose that I possessed myself of those life-perservers in a hurry does not understand my grasping nature. I shouted to the others that I would try to save the life-preservers if they would endeavor to rescue the pig-iron that was inside the yacht. Then I kicked myself free from the wreckage and floated off. Our noble captain was the last man to leave the yacht. "Save yourselves!" he cried. "Never mind me. I have no wife nor little ones at home.

This was true, for his family had gone to Ypsilanti on a visit. Then this self-sacrificing man took a large chew of tobacco and calmly waited for a boat to come and take him off. He knew that the yacht had air cans enough stowed away to float her, and he didn't want any company.

The other members of the crew overtook me and seized all of the life-preservers. I am informed that my remains were subsequently recovered and "worked" for all there was in them by the life-saving crew.

Yachting is a manly and pleasant diversion. Therefore I have bought a farm in the interior of Kansas.—Detroit Free Press.

Iron Paper.

In the great exhibition of 1851 a specimen of iron paper was exhibited. Immediately a lively competition ensued among iron-masters as to the thinness to which cold iron could be rolled. One iron-maker rolled sheets the average thickness of which was the one eighteen-hundredth part of an inch. In other words, eighteen hundred sheets of this iron, piled one upon the other, would only measure one inch in thickness. The wonderful fineness of this work may be readily understood when it is remembered that twelve hundred sheets of thinnest tissue paper measures a fraction over an inch. These wonderful iron sheets were perfectly smooth and easy to write upon, notwithstanding the fact that they were porous when held up in a strong light. —Paper Maker.

How a Reptile Traps Fishes.

There is a species of terrapin at the London Zoological gardens which is in the fortunate position of not having to work for a living. Like the children in the fairy tale, it has simply to open its mouth and food will drop in. In the mouth of the reptile is a little tag of flesh which is in continual vibration, and nearly always visible, for the creature remains open-mouthed for hours together. It is believed that the sight of this is particularly alluring to the piscine mind. The fish commits the very pardonable, though fatal, error of mistaking the process for a wriggling worm. In trying to take the bait it is caught in a trap and swallowed.—Ram's Horn.

Tutti Frutti Jelly.

Soak one-half ounce of gelatine in two cupfuls of cold water; after it has stood twenty minutes add one quart of boiling water, the juice of three large lemons and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar; when all is thoroughly dissolved strain until clear. Pare and slice three large bananas, peel and cut two oranges in small pieces, free them from seeds and tough portion. Press the pulp and remove the seeds from three bunches of grapes; after the gelatine mixture is cool (not cold), stir the prepared fruit into it and put all in a jelly-mold, setting it upon the ice to harden. Serve with whipped cream.—Farm and Fireside.

—A wealthy Russian gentleman, living in his own house on the banks of the Seine, has for the past ten years kept in a box in a private room the embalmed body of his young wife. She was murdered a few days after marriage, and her sorrowing husband obtained the czar's permission to take the body away with him. The law of France forbids absolutely the keeping of a dead body in any place but a cemetery, but the Russian gentleman hopes to obtain special permission from high quarters to remain the custodian of his beloved relic. If not, he threatens to leave the country rather than part with it.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

The Bright Scheme of a Society Man and What Came of It.

There is a certain bright youth in Chicago who is something of an elocutionist and who prides himself on the ease with which he always gets out of a difficulty. One rainy night he was on his way to keep an engagement at the house of a young lady, where he was to show off some of his vocal accomplishments. When he was within three blocks of the place the rain suddenly began to come down in earnest. Having no umbrella, he ensconced himself in a doorway and looked and waited in vain for a cab. Soon he saw a man coming through the gloom with an umbrella.

"Now's my chance," he thought, "I'll work a scheme."

When the stranger approached he quickly placed himself under his umbrella and said: "Why, old man, I've been waiting for you for half an hour," and then without giving the stranger time to reply rattled on until they were in front of his destination. As the light from the door fell upon the face of the owner of the umbrella the clever young man simulated great astonishment and begged a thousand pardons for his seeming rudeness, as he "really thought it was his friend Dick."

The stranger replied that he had suffered no inconvenience in the least, and protested that he had enjoyed the "mistake."

Our friend went into the house and gloatingly told of the ruse he had practiced to get out of the dilemma.

Someone told him that his necktie was disarranged. He put his hand up, and lo! his diamond pin had gone. He felt for his watch, and it likewise had fled. He spent the rest of the evening in trying to get his friends to say nothing of his sharp little game and its consequences.—Chicago Tribune.

Population of Scotland and Ireland.

The recent census of Scotland shows that there has been an increase in the population of Scotland, though a small one—the smallest, with one exception, according to the rate per cent., since the period 1801-1811. Thirty years ago the total population was 3,062,294; now it is 4,033,103. The increase during the last ten years has been 297,630; in the ten years before it was 375,000. The returns for Ireland put the population of that country at about 4,700,000, and the decrease since 1881 at 468,000. It follows that if the same rates are kept up during the next decade Scotland will in 1901 have overtaken Ireland. Glasgow is growing faster than any other large Scottish town, her increase, counting in the suburban population, being at the rate of 30 per cent. Paisley shows an increase of nearly 20 per cent., Leith of nearly 15 per cent., Aberdeen of 16 per cent. and Edinburgh of 11½ per cent.—Chicago Times.

Material Comforts.

There is a moral, I think, writes a correspondent, to be drawn from the following anecdote, related in a letter by an English lady who was on her way to a Bohemian place of baths: "At Bonn I went to the table d'hote, as I could not otherwise get anything to eat, and I had nothing but some bread all day. I sat next an old gentleman, enormous, and gobbling like a giant. He entered into talk, and told me he lived in Bonn, but came to the table d'hote because the food was not good enough at home that day; also that he studied theology. Did I study theology. I said: 'No, never.' Whereupon the old glutton looked at me over a mountain of roast goose and cherries, and said, with his mouth full, but with a sternness of a St. Francis or a St. Simon. 'Do you mean then that you think of nothing but your material comforts?' I, who sipping soda-water and eating dry bread, felt gross under the rebuke of my spiritual neighbor." —Albany Argus.

A Beautiful Metaphor.

Life is like a silver cord twisted of a thousand strings, that part asunder if one of the strands be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this truth is so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors die, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell may give the next warning to the world!—N. Y. Ledger.

It Puzzles Him.

"Hello! where have you been lately?"

"Out in Colorado."

"Pretty high out there, eh?"

"Yes; two miles above sea level in Leadville."

"Air pretty refined, isn't it?"

"Very."

"And the people?"

"Well, now, excuse me."

"But I don't see how unrefined people can live on refined air."

"Oh, you don't?"

"No."

"Would you like to know?"

"Yes."

"Then go to Leadville."—Philadelphia Press.

Still There Was No Resemblance.

"You don't seem to be able to make such pies as my first wife made," remarked Snooper to his second, as he shoveled huge pieces of the pastry into his mouth.

"Do you look like the first Mrs. Snooper?" asked the second, rather irrelevantly, by way of reply.

"Do I look like her? That's a queer question. How can a man look like a woman?"

"I don't know, but I thought perhaps you looked like her, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"Because you remind me so much of her."—Jury.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.—Detroit Free Press.

—Wash dusty furniture with warm, not hot, white soapsuds, in which drop an ounce of linseed oil in a pail of water; wipe dry before polishing.

—For a simple tea, jam sandwiches, thin, dainty, and devoid of crust, piled lightly on a plate, with spread napkin, are a relished sweet.—N. Y. Times.

—When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water, as hot as you can bear it. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

—India ink is made from fine lampblack compacted and cemented with glue. The finest black is derived from pork fat. The glue is made from buffalo hide.—Scientific American.

—Mock Lemon Pie: One-half cup vinegar, one-half cup water, one-half cup brown sugar, one tablespoon butter. Bake in lined pie plates, and when baked add the whites of two eggs, well beaten, with two tablespoons of sugar, and return to oven and brown.—Detroit Free Press.

—Ginger Snaps: One large cup molasses; put in pan, set on stove, add two heaping tablespoonfuls butter and two of ground ginger; when it boils and the butter is melted take off stove, put in a teaspoonful of cooking soda, and while it is hot sift in flour enough to roll out thin; cut and then bake.—Old Homestead.

—Cinnamon Bun: One pound flour, a little salt, quarter pound butter, half pound sugar, half pound currants thoroughly washed and heated dry in the oven, half a cake of compressed yeast, and sufficient lukewarm water to make a dough; mix well, cover, and put in a warm place to rise; bake in shallow pans in a moderate oven, and just before removing from the oven dredge powdered cinnamon and fine sugar over the top, putting it back in the oven until the sugar melts.—Old Homestead.

—Sauteing: To "saute" anything means to dress it quickly in a small pan, with a very little butter, oil, lard or dripping, doing one side at a time; two spoonfuls of oil will be enough to saute a small chicken in; the art of sauteing well consists in doing it quickly, to keep the gravy and succulence in the meat; it is an economical mode of dressing small things of every kind of food; it is very different from frying, which is really boiling in hot fat, and requires a greater quantity of butter, oil, etc.—Boston Herald.

—Sweet-potato pie and Irish potato pie are both well-known desserts. To make the sweet-potato pie boil mealy sweet potatoes till about half done, then grate them. Beat a half teacup of butter and a teacup of sugar to a cream. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and b degrees the grated potato. Then add a wine-glass of milk. Line the pie-plates with this mixture and cover with the merangue. White-potato pies are made in the same way, with half the quantity of butter.—N. Y. Tribune.

—A simple method of curing sunburn is to bathe the face before retiring with a solution of tincture of benzoin and cold water, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the tincture to a cup of water. Let it dry on the face for a few minutes, then rub it with sweet cream. Wipe it off soon after with a soft linen towel. In the morning bathe the face in water as hot as you can bear with a sponge, and then bathe it in cold water, drying it thoroughly. Before applying the benzoin at night be careful that all dust is removed, and that the skin is perfectly clean and pure. Take special care to get no benzoin in the eyes, as it is very painful. Treat the face in this way for several days and all traces of sunburn will disappear.—N. Y. Tribune.

NEW PRINCESSE GOWN.

An Attractive Garment of Artistic Design.

A striking new model by Felix is a "corselet princesse" gown of cloth, with guimpe and sleeve puffs of bengaline dotted with spangles. The corselet comes up high on the bust and is even all around the waist; it fastens on the left side invisibly, and is apparently continuous with the skirt in princesse fashion, but is really fitted separately and the join to the skirt is concealed by embroidery of silk, gilt, chenille and jet done on the garment. Lengthwise rows of this embroidery extend to the foot of the skirt, with applique vines and leaves of Astrakhan or velvet, and the foot is finished with a band of the fur or a puff of velvet. This model is handsome in black cloth with black bengaline guimpe, but may be brightened by a red guimpe spangled with jet. The lining of these gowns closes in front, as also does the guimpe, which is gathered at the neck in front and back and just below where it disappears under the scalloped top of the corselet. The sleeves are of cloth fitted easily up to the elbow and half way above to meet a puff of the bengaline at the top. A mouse-colored cloth gown of this design has a bright red bengaline guimpe spangled with gold. The embroidery is in darker shades with fine gold threads, and a wide velvet puff borders the skirt.—Harper's Bazar.

House Caps.

Pretty little caps made of embroidered chiffon, little caps that are really most coquettish in appearance, are being worn in this country by young matrons, as well as by older ones. Heretofore, even the tiniest cap has been relegated either to the breakfast table, or to elderly ladies, but now the lady who is at home for the evening and who wishes to look specially dressed for home, assumes one of these pretty little frills and delights herself by thinking how matronly she looks in it. The easiest way to make one, is to have a tiny foundation of stiff net cut in an oval shape, sew a frill of chiffon about it, then turn the chiffon over toward the center like a cascade and just there, where it is most becoming, place a ribbon bow or rosette, as your fancy dictates.—Ladies' Home Journal.